THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

METHOD is doubtless necessary in the regulation of life, and without some regard to it nothing great can ever be accomplished. But when it degenerates into idle particularity, it defeats its own object. Hence the rigidly systematick will often find, that in his careful solicitude about the *means*, he neglects and loses the *end*. The smallest interruption is sufficient to destroy his happiness, and to overthrow all his plans. He may justly be compared to a nicely constructed machine, which continues its operation as long as every part is in exact order; but let the most insignificant spring be displaced, and it can move no longer. He is forced to wait the ebbing and flowing of favourable opportunity, and will never be persuaded to undertake an object unless it be at the precise moment and exactly agreeable to the particular plan he had previously marked out. He forgets that the tide of life flows alike for all, and is favourable to those only who carefully observe and improve it as it passes.

These dull, systematick beings, leave no room for the exercise of those generous passions and feelings, which give rise to some of our noblest actions, and whose monitions are never to be disregarded, when they are such as virtue would approve. They apply the rule and the compass, the balance and the weight, to every duty, and righteously give only what they find to be just measure. They will waste hours in weighing the benefits and consequences of actions, of which none but themselves can see the importance, and when they have at last resolved to set about it, they will exhaust themselves with considering what mode it is most expedient to adopt. "They walk through life," says Dr. Moore, "undisturbed by the misfortunes of others, and when they come to their journey's end, are decently interred in a church-yard." Such men not only excite our ridicule, but exhaust our patience; and we almost feel disposed, by a severe external application, to quicken their dormant faculties; or at least, in the irritation of feeling, to exclaim,

> "Your hearts are just a standing pool,
> Your lives a dyke."

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For The Port Folio.

Lavater is unquestionably entitled to the praise of superiour genius and of lively imagination. But like most of his aërial brethren, who have lost their senses in the wildness of fancy, this ingenious enthusiast has been betrayed into a thousand absurdities. That there is a strong but secret relation between the qualities of the

mind and heart with the features of the face, cannot be doubted. Every passion of the soul may be so strongly depicted on the countenance, as not to be mistaken by the most undiscerning; and the prepossessions which we form at the first view of this great intellectual mirror, are very frequently confirmed by a familiar acquaintance. But it is absolutely diverting to find Lavater peremptorily deciding upon the moral and mental character of men by the turn of the lip, the arching of the eyebrow, or the size and form of the ear. This last, indeed, has, from time immemorial, been admitted as an unequivocal criterion, and we may safely determine whether a man be an ass or a philosopher, by only applying our measure to his ear. The curious medley of acute observation and of wild conjecture, which Lavater published, was eagerly received, and for some time gained implicit credit. "A servant could scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted in careful comparison with the lines and features of the young candidate's countenance." There was no longer any need for the difficult and complicated study of human nature; for if a man had only Lavater's rules, he could immediately decide, whether the stranger he might meet was an honest man or a rogue, whether he was a miser or a prodigal, and what he had been thinking of from the moment of his birth. But this mania has long since subsided, and sober people have by this time learnt to read and smile, without confiding in the reveries of this amiable visionary.

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For The Port Folio.

One of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most charming sources of pleasure and refinement, is an intimate friendship of the sexes. In the one, it inspires a purity and delicacy of sentiment, which masculine pursuits at least do not create, and the other it raises above those little follies and womanish affectations, which sometimes render female society insipid to the man of literature and taste. Generally speaking, women were never intended for science; but most surely also they were never designed for the mere playthings of man. Their natures seem susceptible of so many endearing sympathies, and formed for the growth of so many amiable and sometimes commanding virtues, that nothing but brutal insensibility, or a lamentable depravity, can suffer us for a moment to be indifferent to them. Hence it is, that in the most refined state of society, woman has always held the most exalted rank.

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For The Port Folio.

It has repeatedly been said that *learning* and *love* are incompatible. If this had been the sentiment of some cold, phlegmatick being, whom nature had probably denied the power of enjoying the one, or of acquiring the other, we should perhaps have given it the same credit, which we do to the ranting of an exhausted debauchee, when he begins to preach upon the vanity of sensual pleasures; and there is no doubt, that the poet who has perverted his verse to such an end, had some solid reason for his heresy. A man in love may not at all times relish toiling through Newton's Principia, or digging after Hebrew roots; but his soul will be feelingly alive to every charm of nature, and then, if ever, it will be attuned to the melody of poesy. Burns, who was the true offspring of genius and feeling, is a much better instructor on this subject than all the dull sage philosophers that have ever lived since the time of Sanchoniathan. "There is certainly," says he, "some connexion between love, and musick, and poetry. For my own part, I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I once got heartily in love; and then, rhyme and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart."

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For The Port Folio.

Gibbon relates a singular anecdote of a prince having actually enjoyed

regal honours before his birth. "The wife of Houmouz, one of the successours of Artaxerxes, remained pregnant at the time of her husband's death, and the uncertainty of the event, as well as of the sex, excited the ambitious hopes of the princes of the house of Sassan. The apprehensions of a civil war, were, however, soon removed by the positive assurances of the Magi, that the queen had conceived and would safely produce a son. Obedient to the voice of superstition, the Persians prepared without delay the ceremony of the coronation. A royal bed, on which the queen lay in state, was exhibited in the midst of the palace; the diadem was placed on the spot, which might be supposed to conceal the future heir of Artaxerxes, and the prostrate satraps adored the majesty of their invisible and insensible sovereign."

Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page 25.*)

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

Marc. Aurel.

There are few situations in life so exquisitely wretched, as to admit of neither comfort nor consolation, provided the heart is destitute of that self-reproach, and those inordinate affections, which can embitter or disturb the highest state of prosperity. The truth is, that in our several conditions of life, be they what they may, we have generally a large account with Pride, which we are seldom or never able to balance. Every day we live, Pride draws heavily upon us, and mostly bills at sight; while we toil, and fret, and invent, and practise almost any means to answer its unconscionable demands. We open this account as soon as we set out in life, nor is it closed till the eschutcheoned hearse and funeral procession record the last instance of human infirmity.

In our commerce with the world, we purchase the paltry articles of pride and vanity, such as equipage, dress and the refined pleasures of custom at a very high price. We are debtors perhaps in abundance of wealth and happiness, and place nothing to the creditor side of the account, but empty gratifications, fears, anxieties, disease, and self-reproach; when we might have received, in exchange for the goods of fortune, the substantial advantages of peace, independence, and self-satisfaction.

But we must mend the morals before the manners can be improved. The ridiculous distinctions of appearance in dress, the living in a certain style, etiquette, and other nonsensicals of custom must be abolished, as unnecessary to happiness and true politeness, and destructive of morality; cleanliness and propriety must be substituted in the place of those unmeaning fashions, by which imperious Absurdity insolently proclaims her preeminence over Reason, with the joint assistance of some wretched coxcomb or ignorant tailor. It becomes us now to cherish the useful, and to abandon the frivolous: let us endeavour to restore, if possible, the manners of those good old times, when the man was respected for his worth, and not for his coat. It is a reflection upon the sense of the people, that the paltry auxiliaries of dress are considered as necessary to our success in the world; and that in England a fool *may*, and a man of merit *must*, puff himself into publick estimation. The judgments that we form from outward appearances are of all others the most fallacious, the most injurious to ourselves, and the most destructive of those genuine principles of truth, which preserve the order and happiness of society: let us endeavour, then, by the assistance of Good Sense, to oust the monster Fashion and the tyrant Custom from their possessions among the upper and middling classes of people; they are not harmless or insignificant, but allure, deceive, and betray their votaries to ruin.

Were we to reflect upon the vast numbers of those who daily suffer in involvement, anxiety, and distress, from the desire of making an appearance in the world above their circumstances, one would almost wish that sumptuary laws were established to spare the cruel competition.

But the endemick of Pride is a contagion that attacks all ages and constitutions; it rages indeed chiefly among the great and rich, but it is to be found also in the miserable haunts of the poor; it is the vulture that gnaws at every breast, and is the prolifick parent of every care.

As Pride is the greatest enemy, so Humility is the best friend of mankind; Humility and Happiness increase in equal ratio. If Vicissitude lowers our estate, it is only drawing upon a portion of Humility, and the account is balanced. We shall always find in the journal of life, that if we would be considerable creditors in riches, we must necessarily be debited with innumerable cares.

In one of my late perambulations in search of living characters, chance directed me to an obscure publick house in the vicinity of Fleet street, where, in a corner-box of the parlour, I discovered a man, in whose countenance care seemed to have made more ravages than age: it was a face of experience, and of experience *come too late*. I seated myself by the fire; and, taking up a newspaper, was prepared to attend to any observations on life and manners that he might be led to make, in conversation with his companion, who was listening attentively to him over a glass of brandy and water.

" Why, sir (cried the man of experience, taking the pipe from his mouth.) Pride is the cause of one half of the mischiefs in the world. We are poor, weak, infirm creatures, attracted by any bauble, pleased with any nonsense, and full of self-love and conceit. I often think of the happy time when I was an apprentice, sitting by the fire-side in the kitchen with Molly Bunce, reading Robinson Crusoe, and eating hot muffins; the prospect of a rainy day on Whitsun Monday then constituted my chief care. I was nearly out of my time, when I became acquainted with Master Putty, the eldest son of an eminent glazier in the next street. Our acquaintance began at the door of his house, where I joined a party in tormenting a poor cat in the area: and to that little incident I owe all the flaws and scratches that I have since had in the world. Master Putty did me the honour to choose me for a companion. Bill Rattle was every thing in his opinion; for I was full of spirits and fond of mischief. Master Putty, however, informed me it was absolutely necessary that I should dress like him; that I should have a lapelled coat, and tassels in my shoes; and that I should by all means employ his tailor, Mr. Pantaloon, in Tavistock-street, who made for the first people in the town. Pride now laid hold of me, and all my thoughts were, how I should answer the taxes that it imposed: I wrote to my friends for money, I borrowed of my acquaintance, I bought tickets in the lottery, and I obtained admittance through Mr. Putty's interest, into a gaming-house. About this time my master, Mr. Peter Pruen, died, and, with the assistance of my friends, I established myself in the business of a grocer, not without some ideas of what is called *etiquette* and gentility. I knew that it was much less disgraceful to be in debt than to want an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, or a glass of port wine after dinner. I soon began to live away in great style; business was neglected; the cash debtor was more than the cash creditor; the bill book was filled with accommodation notes; and there was not a money-lender in town with whom I was not in some measure acquainted. For seven years I lived up to my chin in hot water; till at length I was completely parboiled; but still I persevered in *etiquette;* and my wife, who had been a milliner's apprentice, having the same genteel opinions with myself, we kept up appearances to the astonishment of all who knew us. At last, Mr. Congo, the wholesale tea-

dealer in Fenchurch-street, having drawn a bill upon me for goods to the amount of two hundred pounds, which I was unable to answer when it became due, struck a docket against me, and Dick Putty and myself were gazetted the same week; my only consolation was, that I had spent three thousand pounds, had lived like other people and that things had at last come to a *genteel focus*. If this little history of life can be of any service to you, you are welcome to it; but, my dear Jack, never let any body persuade you to go beyond your circumstances. If you are determined to be worth nothing, at any rate let your expenses be in exact proportion to your income; but if you would lay up for a rainy day, or bad times, let them be *something less*. Pride is not easily gratified; you will still be far behind fools more expensive than yourself. Follow the good old maxim, "Be just before you are generous." Keep out of debt, and you will always have something to be generous with. I have never been able to redeem the past; but thank God! I am not so reduced, but that I can enjoy my pipe, and give counsel to a friend." With these words the man of experience closed his discourse; and I returned home, contemplating the absurdity of man, in foolishly creating numerous idle wants and vanities, that only serve to disturb his happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

Sed quid indignor? Ridere satius est, ne se aliquod magnum adeptos putent, qui huc felicitate perveniunt, ut rideantur. PLINY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

When first I emerged into life and light through The Port Folio, no lark was more blithe; Democritus was never in such a laughing humour; and so overjoyed withal was I to see myself in black and white, that I could tread on air: but now, see the change, mirth is changed to melancholy! J. S. the redoubtable, has once more taken the field, and has played the very d—l. Having of his own good pleasure, and without any solicitation on my part, raised me to the critick's chair, he hath in evil hour changed his mind, and hurled me from that proud eminence; so that at this present writing, I, luckless wight, lie, with *partes quascunque sedendo flectimur*, upon the bare cold ground! Were it a time to moralize, I would say with the bard,

Man's but a shadow, full of woes,
He cuts a caper, and down he goes.

Whether it be that the fall hath conquassated my brain, or that there must be an inherent characteristick inconsistency in whatever flows from the pen of J. S. must not now be examined; but certain it is, that I found some difficulty in seizing the meaning (for some meaning it must have) of his declaration. And I trust sir that you will make a proper allowance for the circumstances of my situation, unless you suppose that a man's intellects ascend in full vigour into whatever part of him may chance to be uppermost, whether his head, or peradventure his heels.

But as to the declaration. J. S., speaking of K. T. says, "He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer." To laugh at the review of J. S., and to be an advocate for the Northern Summer, are one and the same thing: if so, never had any work so many, nor such merry advocates. *Mais convenons du fait*, K. T. did laugh at the aforesaid review, and what was the consequence? This dainty, gauzy, gossamery review of J. S., consisting of seven columns, dwindled into the following sentence, "The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too long and frequent; that the original poetry is DONE *invita Minerva*." Here let me confess that I am no judge of the manner or method of *doing* poetry. Mr. Carr's method of doing poetry may be good or bad for aught that I know. Nay, more, I am ready to allow, if the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr be *done* on the plan of the critical *doings* of J. S. that the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr are badly *done*.

This last groan of the hectick review of J. S. reminds us of Momus in the fable; who, unable to discover any

defect in the beauty of Venus, but still wishing to play the critick, acknowledges "that the wench was well enough, *but that she made a confounded noise with her slippers.*"

Let us be candid where we can. J. S. shows a degree of liberality here which we did not expect: Mr. Carr is dismissed with a backstroke, and the little Swede gets clear without the loss of a spoke.

Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so.

J. S. is not of this class: he relaxes a little, but still retains a menacing aspect:

As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain:
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground;
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

Here we had some thoughts of retiring, and of leaving J. S. to collect spoils, and raise trophies; but bearing in mind that we have not only been overthrown, but, *horresco referens*, may, by and by, be numbered with the slain, it behoves us, while a fragment of life remains, to grace our fall, by showing that our overthrow was the achievement of no despicable foe; and, therefore, of the sublime and beautiful of J. S. we submit the following specimen: "Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of wit and satire *whereon* they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay. *Ecce ferunt ferrumque, Ignemq., Jovemque, in Danaos classes.* Where shall we find K. T.? *Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?* Numbered I doubt among the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle *their* brows with fresh laurels and celebrate *their* victories with the honours of a triumph." This is not the incoherent rant, the waking dream of a schoolboy. No, it is the true and genuine sublime. Imagination cannot add a circumstance to heighten the grandeur, surprise, and horrour of the picture. The fracas, or hurry and tumult of the action in the foreground, the solemnity at a distance; Jupiter attacking the Greek fleets with fire and sword; the able captains mounted on artillery, scattering defeat and dismay: and, lastly, the poor discomfited pigmies, with Thrale's besatcheled widow at their head, flying, lying, dying!

The sansculotte Emperour, upon whose eye-balls murderous tyranny sits in grim majesty to fright the world, never thought of mounting his captains upon artillery. This improvement upon the art of war was reserved for our own countryman J. S. for which invention I hope he will one day be made generalissimo of the able captains, and then indeed, *iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.*

To garnish the foregoing *morceau choisi* we subjoin a few fragments: they are but fragments it is true, but they will suffice to prove the chaste, correct, accurate English scholar:— "snarls of criticism"; "introduce it to *the* publick notice"; "*prejudiced in favour* of his offspring"; "*ebullition* of *levity*"; "accessory to his elevation"; "*denouncing* sorcery and witchcraft"; "a genius whose scintillations eludes"; "this lineal *representation* of Bell," &c.

The knowledge of J. S. as a linguist is admirable; there indeed he shines with superiour lustre; we must therefore the less wonder at his being witty on K. T.'s deficiency in this particular; we quote his own words, "This may *unravel* K. T.'s extensive *knowledge* as a linguist, which at *first blush provokes* our *incredulity*," and then as if through charity to illumine the darkness of K. T. he throws a new light upon a passage of Horace quoted by K. T. "To show this," says J. S. did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama." Say you so? on the *drama!* upon my word this learning is a very fine thing; on the *drama!* ah, Mr. J. S. how thou hast unravelled the knowledge of K. T. I

know not, but verily I say unto thee, that thou hast raveled this passage of Horace; yea, thou hast made it a tangled skein. After this egregious hallucination, he exultingly proceeds, "Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. K. T. did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says, *ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" Can this *lineal representative* of John Dennis be serious in ascribing to Horace a cobbling proverbial phrase of Pliny? But, alas! it contains a lesson which, if rightly understood, would prove a powerful talisman against ridicule. We will give it to Mr. J. S. in the words of Horace.

Quam scit uterque, libens censebo exerceat artem.

J. S. tries to be smart upon K. T.'s knowledge of French also; and, who would believe it? after this, he attempts two French words, one of which he murders! this is truly piteable, *helas*.

But the candour of J. S. outweighs his learning by some grains. "Not deigning, says he, to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critick contents himself with avowing his general *admiration!*" And again, "—thus K. T. *admires* the Northern Summer." J. S. knows as little of the force of English words as he does of Latin or French words, otherwise he would not twice deviate from the thing: that is, K. T. said he was *pleased* with the Northern Summer, he reserved his *admiration* for the literary powers of J. S. Again: "With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion, *throws* the glove, and, *denouncing* sorcery" &c. The truth is, that J. S. threw down the glove, and that K. T. laughingly *took it up*. What J. S. means by *denouncing* sorcery, his next bulletin may explain. J. S. admits that an execration of mercy is an inconsistency; strange! But the inconsistency laughed at by K. T. was an *imprecation* of mercy. Mark the apology of J. S. "Execration has crept in (not into) the room of Exclamation." To this I reply, that had this been the only word which crept or crawled in its own place, or in the room of another, it had not been noticed; but the Review and Declaration swarm with these creeping things. Lastly, J. S. charges K. T. with having usurped the critick's chair; whereas K. T. only laughed at the airs of J. S. who fancied himself up to the elbows in the said chair. We come now to the most essential part of the Declaration, the only part indeed which merits any degree of attention. I give his own words. "The trash of literature has ever been the diet of superficial readers," &c. Here his sentiments are just; he speaks from experience, and his Review and Declaration are sufficient vouchers for his veracity. But with his usual consistency, he has lugged in Anna Matilda Della Crusca, *et id genus omne;* and doubtless many have exclaimed, in wonder, Bless us, what extensive reading! Captain O'Blunder in the farce is accosted by strangers to whom he had not been introduced: "How the D—l, says the Captain, do these people know me? Arrah, faith I'll tell you; my jewel, they saw me in the Newspapers, and they know me ever since." J. S. saw these folk in the Baviad, and he knows them ever since. But there is one of the fraternity which he does not mention. *Isthuc est sapere.* Tony Pasquin attacked a stranger; J. S. fancied that his Review was an attack upon a stranger. Gifford pounced upon Tony and K. T. laughed at J. S. Godwin too is brought in very appositely; I am glad of it, as it gives me an opportunity of prescribing a powerful remedy against the poisonous nostrums of that dangerous quack: let Godwin be prevailed upon to borrow the pen and logick of J. S. and the publick need no longer to dread any danger from him.

J. S. calls K. T. a Quixote, and adds, that the hero of Cervantes mistook inns for castles! this is new and instructive; but he omits the adventure of the windmill. This was not right, for he might have said that R. T. did in fact encounter a windmill! who or what that windmill is he might leave

as a matter of conjecture for the curious.

Although pretty sure that the character of J. S. as a scholar and critick may be deduced from what has been already said, we cannot omit hinting, that if a vacant niche can be discovered in the temple of Fame between Mr. John Dennis, the learned, and Matthew Concanon, Esq. the profound, J. S. may, without let or molestation occupy that niche. He already possesses the solid confidence of John Dennis, and we make no doubt but that in time he may arrive at the profundity of Concanon. He sometimes quotes from the Latin faithfully, but some of his quotations prove that he is not always equally successful: the Genius of this language seems to have issued against him a *ne exeat Ovidium*, as far as Ovid shalt thou rake for quotations, but no farther.

His English style betrays too many "brave neglects," and the general cast of his compositions seems to have been borrowed from that great master Figaro, who says, *Je voudrois finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eut l'air d'une pensee.*

As to myself, be it known that the reverend personage who hitherto supplied me with scraps of Latin, set off a few days ago on a mission to the Osage Indians; and that the French dancing master from whom I used to borrow my shreds of French, has just sailed for the Empire of Hayti: it is therefore hoped, that J. S. will not attack me while destitute of my two potent auxiliaries, with my garrison half-manned.

And now, Mr. Oldschool, *flexis genubus*, I entreat your pardon, and assure you, that henceforth you shall not find me staving or tailing, or tilting it with John Dennis junior, nor encountering a windmill. And as to J. S. I now inform him that he must bring other talents than the knack of tagging inconsistencies, before he is again noticed by

K. T.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

(*Concluded from page 27.*)

In our last, in the department of POLITE LITERATURE, we presented to our readers some excellent versions of certain Odes of Anacreon, with great pleasure we now pursue this charming walk of composition and trust that our readers will gladly *go with us to the bower*, when they are reminded that their guide is *an American*, and that he is very prudent as well as poetical.

Mr. AITKIN,

According to promise, Anacreon once more offers you two or three little pieces for your Magazine. His gayly sportive Muse sometimes took her flight over the *full flowing bowl;* sometimes displayed the Loves and the Graces in their various charms; and, sometimes with decent sprightliness and airy elegance, delivered sage responses from the Oracles of sound philosophy. I will, therefore, select for my present packet a bottle song, a Love Letter, and an Ode on the Miser's Folly. In my next, perhaps I may send you another ode.

May 14, 1776.

Ode—Thirty ninth.

Wine through my heart diffuses
The bloom of sprightly joy;
And then, celestial muses,
Your songs my voice employ.

Wine happily reverses
The prospects of despair,
And to the winds disperses
Ambition, grief and care.

Wine gives imagination,
Gives laughing fancy wings,
And spreads a fair creation,
Where sportive humour springs.

When, cheer'd with wine, I weave me
A garland fresh and fair,
No projects, then deceive me
No plans of life ensnare.

I court the Loves and Graces,
To Venus tune my song,
Leave Time to count his paces,
And join the youthful throng.

Content with harmless pleasure,
Whatever else befal,
I crave no hoarded treasure
For Death awaits us all.

It is proper here to observe, that it is not unusual with Anacreon to

close his very gayest songs, with some sentiments calculated to prevent an abuse of his gayety: as in the present ode he reminds us in his own sprightly way, that pleasure ought ever to be kept within certain restraints, that we ought to be contented with what we may enjoy within those restraints, and that it is folly to lay up wealth with sordid avidity—for death awaits us all.

Note by the Translator.

ODE—Twenty.

A rock mid streams of water,
Sad Niobe was plac'd;
Pandion's hapless daughter,
Was in a swallow chas'd.

But I, my form forgetting,
A looking glass would be,
No change, dear maid, regretting,
While gaz'd upon by thee!

I'd be a robe to fold me
Around thy lovely waist,
I'd be a bath to hold thee
In circling waves embrac'd;

A box of essence, breathing
What language ne'er express'd,
A zone, my Daphne, wreathing
Around thy snowy breast.

Or, round thy neck, O take me,
In circling pearls to meet!
Or, e'en thy slipper make me,
That I may kiss thy feet.

ODE—Twenty-third.

If gold, ah thrifty neighbour!
Could screen me from the grave,
Body and soul should labour,
To get it and to save.

That, when grim Death should offer
At me to point his dart,
I might unlock my coffer,
And bribe him to depart.

But if, with golden mountains,
No mortal could at last,
Redeem life's ebbing fountain,
Nor purchase back the past;

Then why this vain disquiet,
This anxious labour why?
What gain the wretches by it,
Decreed ere long to die?

My life shall ne'er be wasted
In search of useless ore,
Of plenty never tasted,
A tantalizing store!

Let fortune but supply me
With friendship, love and wine,
She's welcome to deny me
The trash, that fills the mine.

Mr. AITKIN,

In my last I proposed for the next samples of my pharaphrase of Anacreon a couple of portraits; but having been too much engaged in business to attend to that promise, I send you instead of them, a very little ode.

HERMES.

ODE—Nineteenth.

The earth grows fat with drinking,
The trees her bosom drain,
Drink keeps the sea from sinking,
While Phœbus drinks the main.

The moon too has her failing,
She drinks the sun beams up;
Then why, my friends, such railing
Whene'er I take a sup.

For The Port Folio.

The following article of criticism occurs in the writings of an Irish gentleman of literary celebrity. His opinion is perfectly correct, and the tribute to his countryman, MOORE, is at once the offspring of friendship and taste. But where are the *Sonnets* of Mr. M.? We have never seen any.

That a sonnet may be a proper vehicle for description, and that it conveys the liveliest image of love in its copious and passionate interruptions, is generally admitted; but that it should always end with some witty point or melancholy conceit, is inconsistent and absurd. Such a principle degrades the sublimest species of lesser poetry to the insignificance of epigram. Antiquity, it must be confessed, holds out some authority in this respect; particularly among the expressive compositions of Carew, Daniel, and others of their time: but at that period a quibbling sermon or a metaphysical epick was not uncommon. Even Shakspeare and Spenser are not faultless on this head. The great Lope de Vega, however, has numerous sonnets of surprising simplicity and beauty; in the large collection of Petrarch too are many of this stamp; but in his tender pieces Cervantes has displayed all his usual delicacy and natural ease. We had for many years seen no modern compositions of this nature till the refined and admirable sonnets of Mrs. Smith, and

f the Rev. Mr. Bowles, abounding vith true pathos and sensibility, cast ome emanations of returning light ver the realms usurped by apathy nd dulness. The publick have now o seek intellectual pleasure of this kind from the fanciful and refined genius of Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whose mind is stored with the noblest poetical fire.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

DRYDEN, says the brilliant D'Israeli, traces the whole history of Genius in a couplet;

What, in Nature's dawn the child *admired*,
The youth *endeavoured* and the man ACQUIRED.

Sometimes caresses and sometimes coercion have *made* many a child a bright genius. Sometimes Patronage and sometimes Poverty *stimulate* men to become illustrious.

Every man of common organization has the power of becoming a man of genius, if to this be added, a *solitary devotion* to art, and A VEHEMENT PASSION FOR GLORY. It is the *capacity of long attention* which, in the present day, must make one man superiour to another.

A DIALOGUE.

From De La Motte.

No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

"Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms."
She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphne, the bright, the reigning toast."
Daphne but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"She, who before scorn'd every swain,
Dirce, shall for one sigh be thine."
Age makes her rays too faintly shine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now rebel, say,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again."

No, charming god, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

It has been brilliantly remarked, that Descartes, a slave to the theory of climate, feared that the warmth of the atmosphere in France would too much exalt his imagination and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical studies. He therefore took refuge from the sun in Holland. But all the frost of the northern climates could never render his burning imagination tepid; the visionary would have dreamt on a pillow of snow.

TO A KISS.

The flowers that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe:
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy power confess:
The stream that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love,
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace—
On gently-parted lips, say why
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye?
Because on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

For The Port Folio.

THOUGHTS.

I cannot cease to be astonished in considering in what manner the immense crowd of people who throng a great city provide for themselves. They all eat something, and sleep somewhere, but God knows how or where!

I know no occupation that seems better calculated to cut out business for itself, than that of a cryer of lost children. The bell is followed by a crowd of little ones of all sizes, and the bellman is very unlucky, indeed, if he cannot contrive to lose two or three of them.

—

It is very agreeable to sit at a window on Sunday and observe the passengers. Every one in his best clothes and on his best behaviour, looks smiling, clean and comfortable. How happy is the institution of the Sabbath, even apart from all religious obligation.

—

I saw a brood of young chickens but a few days from the shells; one of them had seized an insect; another more strong and active took it from him and devoured it.—Such is the equality of mankind.

—

Our talking and writing so much about happiness is a proof that no man has found where it is.

—

I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters, have used those means to collect fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent,—but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gayety of manners;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when Fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition;—who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required. If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the queen?—De l'ascendent, she replied, qu'un esprit superieur a toujours sur des esprits foibles.

At the first glance a man of genius throws around a subject, he perceives not more than one or two striking circumstances, unobserved by another. As he revolves the subject, the whole mind is gradually agitated; acquiring force by exertion, he discovers talents, that he knew not he possessed. At first, he saw every thing dimly; to the *studious* eye of Genius every thing at length, becomes orderly and distinct; the twilight gradually disperses, and every form shines in the brilliant light of imagination. Like viewing a landscape at an early hour in a summer morning, the rising sun perhaps only rests on a particular object and the scene is wrapt in mist; as the light and warmth increase, the mists fade, and the scene displays every varied beauty.

—

Literary—WASHINGTON's Life, by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester. Proposals for publishing this work, in one volume, octavo, were issued about 18 months past;—we learn that the authour completed his Manuscript some time since, and that it is now going to the Press. We are told by those who have seen it, that it is well written and merits publick patronage

MERRIMENT.

An Irishman once told his friend he had just seen a lamentable sight; six *volunteers* pressed on board the tender, one of whom had a wife and six children.

—

Osborne, in his memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, tells this story of her: One of her purveyors having behaved with some injustice in the county of Kent, one of the farmers of that county went to the Queen's Palace, at Greenwich; and, watching the time when the queen went to take her morning's walk, said, loud enough for her majesty to hear, "Pray, which is the queen?" She replied, very graciously, "I am the queen; what would you have with me?" "You," answered the farmer "though one of the rarest women

ever saw, can eat no more than my daughter Madge; but the Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my ducks, hens, and capons, that I am scarcely able to live." The queen, always auspicious to suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, inquired who was the purveyor, whom she caused to be hanged.

—

A minikin three foot and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six foot four. "Come, fellow, hold up your head, —higher, fellow." "Yes, sir." "Higher, fellow—higher." "What so sir?" said the man, raising his head much above the horizontal parallel. "Yes, fellow." "And am I always to remain so, sir?" "Yes, fellow, to be sure." "Why then, good bye, colonel, for I shall never see you again."

—

An Irishman having swore two oaths, the justice charged him two shillings. "How much do you charge for a curse?" said Pat. "Sixpence," replied the justice: "Then take my half-crown, as I hate change, and a curse light on you all," returned Pat.

—

A remarkable instance of the instinct of animals. A beautiful little spaniel bitch was permitted to range any part of her master's house. She had five puppies, which were one morning, during her absence, taken, by her master's order, and drowned in a neighbouring pond. After much apparent uneasiness, she found them in the pond, and brought them, one by one, into the parlour, and as she laid the last at her master's feet, looked stedfastly in his face and expired.

—

"No man," said a doctor one day, "can complain of my having used him ill." "True," said his friend, "because all you were ever called to attend died under your hands."

—

"Why not send for a doctor," said a man to his sick friend. "Because though ill, I do not yet wish to die," he replied.

—

An officer having the misfortune to lose an eye in the wars, had a glass one which he constantly took out of the socket at night. Being at an inn, and one of the servants waiting on him, he gave her his eye, and desired her to lay it down. As she did not stir, he was angry, "and asked her what she waited for." "I wait," she replied, "for the other."

—

A certain gentleman took care to speak but coolly of the happines of the married state before his daughter. "She who marries," said he "does well; but she who does not marry does better." "Well then," said she, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

—

A gentleman in the islands of Barbadoes, having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to suspect one of his negroes was the thief, and that he might detect him, tried the following experiment. Having summoned them all, he thus harangued them: "I have been informed in a vision, by the great serpent, whom you adore, that one of you have stolen my money; and he moreover told me, that the very man, when called into my presence, should have a large parrot's-tail feather hanging at the end of his nose, by which I might discover him." He had no sooner uttered these words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt, by clapping his hand to his nose to feel for the feather.

—

Foote being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had taken a mouthful or two, Foote took up his bread, and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

—

A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to

have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. "Indeed, my friend," said the lawyer, (not expecting any great fee from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate, I cannot see where to begin;" the man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "there's a pair of spectacles for you, sir."

—

A young prince being on a journey said to his preceptor, "give me my mantle." The gentleman answered, "my lord, great princes speaking of themselves, always use the plural number;" you should therefore have said, "give us our mantle." The prince did not fail to remember his lesson, and said shortly after, "our teeth ache;" "mine I am sure," said his preceptor, with a smile, "do not ache in the least, my lord." "Then," answered the prince, rather vexed, "I plainly see the *mantle* must be ours, but the *tooth-ache* mine alone."

—

King William III had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun, charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa majeste* miss his aim before in his life.

—

When Mr. Pye made his first appearance in the literary world, he was much *cut up* by the criticks. A gentleman, however, observed some short time after, (and just as his seat in Berkshire had undergone some repairs,) that his *style* of late was much mended; "You're very right," said a farmer overhearing him, "I saw the carpenters at work upon it yesterday."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

COLUMBIA'S EAGLE.

Let England's Lion boast his pow'r,
  Let Gallia's Cock defiance crow;
Columbia's Eagle ne'er shall cow'r
  To any foreign foe.
With equal ease, aloft she waves
The branch of Peace, or shafts of War,
    And wafts the fame
    Of Freedom's name
To lands enslaved and realms afar.

Once, could the Roman eagle soar
  Beyond the reach of human eye;
But now, she plumes her wing no more,
  No more invades the sky;
For Freedom fled, and with her bore
The eagle's power, the eagle's sway;
    Her wings are weak,
    And dull her beak,
Her name no more shall strike dismay.

Not so Heaven's *fav'rite* bird, that wields
  The weapons of Columbia's ire,
And every dear-bought interest shields
  From mad Ambition's fire:
While Time rolls on the passing hours,
Her flight the world shall awe,
    And widely spread
    The Olive's shade,
To shelter Liberty and Law.

—

For The Port Folio.

SONG.

By the late R. B. Davis, Esqr.

Lovely are the kindling blushes
  Of the gay exulting morn;
Sweet the songs of rival thrushes
  Pouring from the blossom'd thorn:
Faint and pale the morning blushes,
Harsh the songs of warbling thrushes,
When my Laura's charms appear,
When her voice salutes my ear.

Welcome to the traveller weary,
  Fountains in the sandy plain;
Welcome, after winter dreary,
  Spring with all her blooming train:
Fountains to the traveller weary,
Spring, that chases winter dreary,
Cannot half so welcome be
As my Laura's sight to me.

Give to bees ambrosial honey,
  Give to Bacchanalians wine,
Power to knaves, to misers money,
  Love—my Laura's love me mine!
Soft beneath the shade reclined,
When I broke my tender mind,
Laura—(dear consenting maid)
Smil'd and blush'd—but nothing said.

For The Port Folio.

WROTE IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A COMMON-PLACE-BOOK, PRESENTED TO MARIA.

Go, favoured book, receive Maria's lays,
And let thy page record her constant praise;
Whether the graceful sense of prose inspires,
Or more harmonious charm of numbers fires;
Go, and obedient ope thy fairest page,
And when each nerve is roused at Homer's rage,
Perhaps the fair may guide his warlike steed,
And bound thro' fields of war where heroes bleed.
And Oh! should Milton's musick thrill her heart,
Or love-sick Hammond softer themes impart,
Should Nature's darling child, sweet Shakspeare sing,
And to her sight each blooming treasure bring—
Should Collins charm with hope or chill with fear,
Or pensive Gray invite Compassion's tear;
Smit with the love of song, may she essay,
To rival these, and here each record lay.

—

For The Port Folio

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banished lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Cursed with a life of careless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home;
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph, enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,
Whose mind kind Nature's gifts adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms.

Stole, with a Syren's spell, his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true,
No wished return could she impart,
For hope, delusive, mocked his view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boisterous stormy seas:

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrours grief assuage,
And pleased he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen
Of livid flashes darting near
While darkened horrours intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemned a wanderer far to roam,
He seeks a savage distant shore;
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

—

For The Port Folio.

A WAR SONG,

BY THE GREAT WARRIOUR AND POET, WOOALUKA.

Come, ye warriours, come and join,
Heroes fierce and heroes strong,
Breasts, that glow with rage divine,
Hearts, that for the battle long!

Haste and sing the *song of death*,
Shout the yell that frights the foe:
Soon we'll march to seek his breath,
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

Fill with drink this ample skull,
Push the precious trophy round—
Brothers, why so gravely dull!
Let the shout of mirth resound!

Soon, from sculls of foes we'll quaff
Draughts that sooth the heart's desire,
Raise the dance, and, circling, laugh,
To see their tortured chiefs expire.

Sisters! now the feast prepare,
Give the heav'n-born heroes bread;
Soon a richer feast we'll share,
When our enemies are dead.

Now let each his bow receive,
Knife and hatchet, bright and keen:
He that nobly loves to live,
Let him *first*, in fight be seen.

Louder sing the *song of Death*,
Shout the yell that chills the foe;
Soon he'll pant and gasp for breath,
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

—

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE AGED *BEECHEN TREE.*

Dear Beechen Tree, beneath whose shade
My infant limbs I often laid,
Or, with mates, around thee played;
How sweet to me,
Will ever be
Thy aged form, my Beechen Tree.

The little birds, that flit the sky,
To thy protection oft would fly,
When hawks and beating storms were nigh;
Or, full of glee,
Would perch on thee
And sing, to bless their Beechen Tree.

The squirrel, for his wintry store,
Thy fruit away profusely bore,
And hiding well, returned for more;
O'erjoyed to be
Supplied by thee,
With food and life, my Beechen Tree.

Though now thy days, almost are told,
And sapless boughs proclaim thee old;
Yet Mem'ry, still, thy charms shall hold,
And, sweet to me,
Will ever be
Thy form, my Beechen Tree!

When palsied age comes creeping on,
To tell me my delights are gone;
I oft will wander o'er the lawn,
The spot to see,
Where once with thee
My hours I passed; my Beechen Tree.

And oft, the melancholy thought
That, "once you was, but *now* are not;"
Shall warn me of my fleeting lot;
That, like to thee
I soon shall be,
And sink to dust; my Beechen Tree!

For The Port Folio.

The following ode was composed for the celebration of the landing of our forefathers at James Town, Virginia, on the 11th of May, being the second century of that epoch. It was recited there to a numerous and splendid assembly by a young student of Norfolk whose father composed it for the occasion. According to the freedom taken by those who indulge in that species of composition the distant recurrence and irregularity of the rhyme may appear to approach to what was called *dithyrambick*.—If in this and its length (though he has not found place to mention the celebrated Pocahontas) he should claim excuse, he has some examples to plead in justification; especially on the latter account, Boileau's famed "*Ode sur la Prise de Namur.*"

Q.

Jubilee Ode for 13*th May*, 1807.

The *Power* that measures space and time
And robes the stars with light sublime,
That guides with central force aright,
The rapid comet's fiery flight,
That holds each orb in strong control,
And points the planets where to roll:
The God who taught the Sun to blaze,
And bade it strike
On mortal sight,
The fire of Heaven's reflected rays:
Sent the sons of the east
To the sons of the west,
Taught the *arts* with the ray of mild evening to shine,
And light a new world with their radiance divine.

2

Warm from the wood
With hunting tir'd,
A savage sought the cooling flood,
And far, far off the curling wave admir'd;
And as he pac'd the lonely beach,
Far as his piercing eye could reach,
He thought he saw the pine trees dance
And on the wave erect advance;
Again he look'd, and saw the trees,
All wing'd arriving with the breeze;
And as he gaz'd with wild surprise,
Borne on the full flood tide along,
Moving in solemn silence on,
He sees at last the stately ship arise:
But when from forth the bursting side,
He saw the light'ning glide,
And heard the deep-mouth'd canon roar:
The rattling sounding
Noise, rebounding
From the rocks, the wood, the shore,
Aghast the red man flees, and cries
Loud as the yell of death can rise,
To all the painted tribes around,
That the *Great Spirit* fill'd with ire,
Involv'd in smoke and clad in fire,
Shook the whole earth with thundering sound
And raging threw his livid lightnings round.

3

But ah, how soon the savage nations saw
* The Sun's white offspring were but men,
And as their mutual wants increase,
While varying ties together draw,
They frame a transient peace
And harmonize in vain;
Nor mid the tow'ring forest's shade,
Was the black-hair'd Indian maid
At all afraid
To see the graceful stranger move
Or hear his softest song of love,
For *Love* bewitch'd these *real* wood nymphs wild,
Wav'd her wide arm and o'er the desert smil'd.

4

Thus when the jealous savage knew,
And saw beside
The mounded city rise,

---

* Throughout America the white men have been called *children of the sun*, as coming from the east.

To arms! to arms! he cry'd,
To arms the warriours flew,
And the shrill war-song sounded to the skies,
Whilst Horrour shrieking in the woods,
And screaming o'er the hills and floods,
Warns the white warriours to prepare,
And brave the first rude shock of savage war.
Our ancestors a small but daring band,
Led by a hero first in fame,
Cloth'd with courage, arm'd with flame,
Against the hideous howling throng,
March'd dreadful on,
And on many a direful day,
Driving far the foe away,
Boldly claim'd th' ensanguin'd land,
Their conquering valour won.

5

Driven from their usual haunts and floods,
Far to their inmost shades and woods,
The Indian chiefs retir'd,
With ruthless fury fir'd,
Intent the web of war to weave,
Secret as death and joyless as the grave.
The plots full time matur'd: through many a year
At last drew near,
And the notch'd arrow mark'd the day
That drew the furrowing tear,
Which time can never wipe away.
Revenge! Revenge! a thousand voices cry,
Revenge! Revenge! the echoing hills reply,
Whilst the red tribes in treachery strong,
Relentless sweep along;
And when the whizzing weapons fly,
A thousand fathers, mothers, die,
Sons, sisters, children, fly in vain,
Their lifeless bodies strew the plain,
And as the infant smiles or cries,
It sees the lifted stroke and dies.
Behind the raging flames are seen,
Where dwellings, fields, and bodies blaze,
And glaring midst the horrid gleam,
The whooping blood-stain'd savage strays,
Or amid the fiend-like throng,
Drives the blasting ruin on,
Till (quite complete the bloody plan)
Sad Delosation sits, and mocks the works of man.

6

Soft-voic'd *Pity* from above,
Fairest daughter of the sky,
Bent with looks of grief and love,
To the chang'd earth her tearful eye,
She saw the smoking ruins round,
And all the arts of peace destroy'd,
The groves and walks were ruin'd found
Which she with peaceful power enjoy'd:
In each lov'd wood she hears faint Sorrow call,
Whilst o'er the hapless land her tears benignant fall.

7

But now see fair Succour flying,
O'er the wide Atlantick wave,
Our few remaining sires to save,
Every Indian foe defying,
Bringing comfort to the brave,
Ship after ship amain,
Men after men arrive
To drive
The savage to his woods again.
Whilst Industry of force divine
With Commerce, Peace, and Power combine
To seize the fleeting, flying *hours*,
And make them deck the fields with flow'rs,
And late where Desolation walk'd,
And late where glaring Ruin stalk'd,
The towns with loftier aspect rise,
And loftier domes salute the skies,
A million patriot sons are born,
A million fair the land adorn,
And here where erst the wild flowers rose
Alone and undesir'd,
See where the blushing beauty glows,
By ev'ry eye admir'd;
For you ye fair to arms we fly,
Or strike the sounding lyre;
For you the soldier dares to die,
And ye the bard inspire;
Your smiles alone can bless the strain,
Alone make it last
Till a new century shall have pass'd,
When friends, perhaps, may meet again,
And sound the high hung harp of love
At the great blest seraphick Jubilee above.

EPITAPHS.

On Mr. Munday who hanged himself.

Hallowed be the sabbath,
And farewell all worldly pelf,
The week begins on Tuesday
For Munday hath hang'd himself.

On a profligate Mathematician at Manchester.

Here lies *John Hill*,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he liv'd as long again.

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